



...ing to think, things can't escape

Lately, I just turn 'em into demons
Flowing to the sun, fucking heroin
Lately I just turn 'em into reasons and excuses
Always down when I'm not up
Guess it's just my rotten luck
To fill my time with permanent blue
But I can't see above it
Guess I fucking love it
But, oh, I didn't mean to
I see everything, I see everything
Don't you tell me now that I don't want it
But I did everything, I did everything
More lines on the mirror than a sonnet (woo)
Funny how they think us naive when we're on the brink
Innocence was fleeting like a season
Cannot comprehend, lost so many men
Lately, all the ghosts turned into reasons and excuses
Always down when I'm not up
Guess it's just my rotten luck
To fill my time with permanent blue
But I can't see above it
Guess I fucking love it
But, oh, I didn't mean to
I see everything, I see everything
Don't you tell me now that I don't want it
But I did everything, I did everything

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